

the NATIVE VOICE

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—Globe and Mail Photo

PAINTING FROM ORIGINAL PEN and ink sketch of famed Canadian historical artist C. W. Jefferys showing explorer Etienne Brule at mouth of Humber River in 1615 was unveiled recently in the Council Chamber at Queens Park, Toronto. It was painted by Frederick S. Challener, Toronto. Brule was probably the first white man to see Lake Ontario. From left: Mr. Challener, Mrs. G. A. Fee, daughter of Mr. Jefferys, and Premier Frost.

Painting Of Explorer Rolls Back Centuries

Photo and story submitted by Big White Owl, Eastern Associate Editor

Three and a half centuries of story were rolled back at Queens Park late in May when a painting by Frederick S. Challener, RCA, was unveiled to show vivid colors the scene when the

first white man stood on the shore of Lake Ontario. The painting, 66 by 54 inches, was done by Mr. Challener from the pen drawing by the late Charles W. Jefferys, and shows the arrival of Etienne Brule, French explorer, interpreter and emissary of Champlain, at the mouth of the Humber River

in September, 1615.

The artist and Mrs. G. A. Fee, daughter of the late Mr. Jefferys, were invited to do the unveiling which took place in the Council Chamber of Premier Frost's offices, in the presence of Premier Frost, members of his cabinet, artists and other guests.

Premier Frost told Mr. Challener that "we owe to you and to Mr. Jefferys a very great deal for the marvellous contribution and the accurate knowledge brought to us in these pictures.

His reference was to the painting and to that which faces it

(Continued on Page 5)

He Lived With

The Shadows of His People

(All Rights Reserved)

WHITE EAGLE said a word for the hurt of my brother. It was good for his tongue, for the truth was in his eyes. He came to look at us with heavy thoughts and his face was taken with wonder. We had not killed his soldier; it was a why to him.

For David, who sat with us, it was not hard to give the White Eagle talk. Their tongue was the same. The why of us he tried to say and the White Eagle understood.

The name the White Eagle gave to us, I long after brought to Frankato to hear.

"You are Christian," he said.

David laughed at this but he did not smile.

The White Eagle now gave us the why of his words.

"Christianity is not a name, it is the goodness you find in the creations of God. It is the goodness you find in yourself as well as others. Above all else, it is the love and simpleness of your own heart."

"Ha-ya," David whispered. "Ha-ya."

We took up this word with him. I did not know the meaning of what the White Eagle had said. Later it was for David to tell us and we said: "Ha-ya," once more.

But for this good name the White Eagle gave us he had not come to the village of my uncle. He said the lie the white man had told him. He had gone upon the wagon and taken the white woman. When we had finished, we had brought death to her.

We were quiet from the bad smell of this. Our uncle wept that such had been said of his people. I looked at the White Eagle. I was not dead to him that I must walk unseen and unheard. To him I asked if it was a truth to him what the white man had said.

He did not keep it inside of him for much thought. Quick he was to speak.

"No."

One word said, but it was big.

David spoke the truth of what had been and the White Eagle cried for his people.

FOR four moons we sat with our peace. Good it was to know, but bad it was to know it would end. Our flutes we played but our song was of a love that would never come. Only for David was there a good song. Bright Eyes was to give him a son.

When the moon of the winter was in the sky we came together with the Sha-hi-yena. Red Cloud and Man Afraid of His Horse was with us. They rode with the words of their council and we listened. The snow on the ground was deep many lengths of a man's arm. The cold was terrible on our bodies, but in our hearts it was worse. There we could not bring the warmth of a buffalo robe or the fire of a tipi.

Many there were of us that the sight of an eye could not see all. Our faces were painted, the tails of our ponies done with cloth of red. Still I can feel the tremble of the earth as we moved.

The fort that had come on our

We continue on this page the fascinating story of Chief Crazy Horse, which space restrictions unfortunately forced us to omit from our June issue.

ground we would take. It was below us as we were in the rocks of the Haa-sa-ta. For no more than the dawn to the straightness of the sun in the sky would we have had to fight. The white man did not think we would come upon him in the cold of this moon. There was not a word with us as we started to move. But then as Red Cloud would have waved his blanket for us to scream our warning to the white man, the voice of a baby crying was in the air.

"Cha-a, cha-a," Red Cloud whispered. He brought his eyes to the sky. "Wash-tako has given us the voice of a papoose to hear. He says it is not the blood of the squaws, it is not the blood of the children that should wet the ground."

This was not a good word for us. The Sha-hi-yena remembered then the white soldiers who had gone into their villages and killed. David thought of Bright Eyes and what had been done her.

I COULD say nothing for I rode as the dead. My brother cried out against this. The braves who would come with him, he asked. And Red Cloud and Man Afraid of His Horse were left to sit alone. They wept for this. Our people were no longer with their way of peace. The blood in our mouth was bad. But, the way of the old was ours; we listened. We did not take the fort that was of women and children. We waited in the cold for the soldiers to go to their wood camps. We rode about them in our great number and they were dead.

Many soldiers were sent from the fort to take us but they died. Only one was there left among them to live. He did not use his gun upon us. He sat with his tears and looked at the dead. For the wet of his face he could not say. His eyes were for our people. Far back in him his blood he could not name. This he said to us and we smiled. The Sha-hi-yena took him as their brother.

For the fight we had given the white soldiers, Red Cloud and Man Afraid of His Horse were not happy. They wept that this had come to be. A few to ride away of your enemy was right. But to take them all—they were sick with it.

I DO NOT number the wars of the coming Spring. Our camps were not of peace; our arrows were of death. Through all the shadow of the Haa-sa-ta we went. We were together as one and our might was great. There was no word that parted us and the white man gave us his respect for it.

Now, I can only cry as I look at my people. They are apart from one another. They are rivers that do not meet. The white man has come to stand between them and they turn their heads. The tears of the Great One I feel. There is no heart in us. My people stand

beroe the white man and say: "I am not an Indian. I am not of his skin." That is what has come of the 'one' that was once between us. Then, I was proud, my head was high. Now I am filled with shame. I wear it on my face.

The war we made upon the white man was a good war. It was not the war of our fathers, where war had not been of death, but a war the white man had taught us.

With the fight against the white man, I did not forget Yellow Hair. Among the soldiers we could not find him. There was no word of him. He was not seen by our people. Only did I know that when he came it would be said to me.

A heavy thought was in my brother and me through that Spring. We went to Red Cloud but he did not see it. Our victory was a shadow that would come as a sun to dawn for the white man. It would come this day. There was reason now the white soldiers ran from us. They did not stay to give us their fight. Their backs we saw instead of their gun's fire.

IT WAS a bad picture my brother gave to Red Cloud to see. It was the blood of our people and their life. But the heart of Red Cloud would not hear. His cry of peace was gone. We had taken it from him with our hate. We shouted war and now the word could not leave him. He would not go before the war council and say peace. And they would not hear my brother nor me.

David went from us then he saw our fear that he could know the back run of the white man. He put away his clothes of us and went to walk among those of his skin.

We waited long for David to come back from White Eagle's fort but there was no sight of him. That he was no longer our brother, we did not think. Our heart was in him we knew. The word of the war council was then there should peace. We went apart from the other. The Sha-hi-yena rode into the deep of the Haa-sa-ta, Spotted Tail and his braves went to the north country.

The war of many moons was ended. But, it had not stopped the breath of the living when we returned to our village. There was love for us. The air was of this happiness. For a man, it is not good to show his tears to a woman. But now, it was for the braves to cry. They went to their squaws and were held to them.

That night David returned to our village. We did not put ourselves between him and Bright Eyes. The word that was with him could wait for the sun. Within the moon she was to give him a son.

When the dawn came we learned the great strength of the white man. David said it and the word of peace was heavy throughout

the village. The white man ran that he could trap us in another moon. We would be weak, we would die. A gun was with him that could be fired many times. He would bring it upon us, our blood would run.

I arose as my brother and said we must not fight for death. "Ha-ya, ha-ha." The braves were with me.

We sent messengers to the villages of Red Cloud, Man Afraid of His Horse, Dull Knife, Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail. We must sit together and say now what there would be for us. The passing of a moon would bring them

THE voice of David was not with us when we sat together in council. His heart stayed with Bright Eyes as she cried out in pain of birth. There was much torture in her, her baby would not come. Only was our smile to know if his son would have the hair of a sunset.

For Red Cloud and Dull Knife it was an omen of good that Bright Eyes was to have a son with the coming of our council. There would be victory for us.

My brother said no to this and Spotted Tail and Man Afraid of His Horse stood with him. Sitting Bull wept that the words spoken by Dull Knife and Red Cloud had come to be.

"The son of Bright Eyes should be of good peace for us. Do we come of evil? Is this our voice? He took sage from his pouch and brought it to the flames of our fire. "Let the air be pure," he said. "Let us have clean hearts."

Red Cloud brought his head upon the shoulder of Man Afraid of His Horse and wept. Dull Knife did the same. They showed their weakness of having been wrong with evil.

A pipe of tobacco was passed among us. It was handed over me, I was unseen. Fingers touched the clouds of smoke and sent it to the air. The smell was good for us, the air was made clean. The bad of the words was gone. Long it was we sat, there was no tongue for us. The pain of Bright Eyes we heard. Many times the shadow of David was before us. The hoot of an owl came and we were sad. A picture was with Sitting Bull and the sorrow of it gave him a dark face.

"Taa-ha-te, taa-ha-te," he wept.

WHEN a son was brought to Bright Eyes we turned to our voices. A good arrow was in the sky for him. Red Cloud was our leader and we listened. His thought was of the Spring, it was an echo. He said war. Dull Knife and Sitting Bull stood with him. My brother cried against this. He said the word that had brought us together in council. A bad gun was with the white man — we must look for peace. A clown they named my brother for what he said. They laughed. This magic of the white man they would not believe. Spotted Tail came before my brother. He gave them the word of peace to hear. He would not fight. He would lead his people to a reservation and give them life.

(Continued Next Issue.)

Resignation of Bella Bella Church Treasurer 'Shock'

The Editor,
The Native Voice,

Dear Madam,—

Recently I was very shocked to receive a letter from our Church treasurer asking for his resignation. From the letter, I strongly felt that there were other reasons for his resignation than could be found within the Church. I was further disturbed to find the letter quoted in your paper (May, page 4). To read it without the fuller understanding that is necessary is very misleading.

In answer, may I first ask a question. What is the Church? Immediately one thinks of a building in which people worship. However, if there were no people, then would it still be a Church? Hardly. Neither is the Church the minister. It is a group of people who have found the way of Christ, and so, they worship in His way and follow His commandments. We who are Christians are God's family. We try to share in our work. We try to live in harmony with each other. And what better way is there to live in harmony than to discuss our problems together and to choose persons from our Church family to specific tasks? In our Church family each member has the right to help by suggesting names and voting, and it was in this way that our treasurer and assistant were selected by members of the congregation.

One thing which is often overlooked is the responsibility of the treasurer in any Church. They are entrusted to keep records for which there is almost no method of checking accuracy. In all my congregations, (and I have had a number of white congregations) I have always approved and often emphasized the importance of more than one person to help count and record the offering. . . . Not that I don't trust them, but that I don't trust the statement that is only partially heard or the casual joke that could be made and overheard, spreading into a rumour and taken seriously. We all know how easy it is to spread rumours. Rumours can be very harmful to a person with a good character. And so, to help prevent mistakes in counting and, what is even more important, to protect the honor and respect of the treasurer, we ask that a second person assist in this work.

In our villages, our men are continually on the move and cannot always be at hand on Sundays, or when there are important money transactions to take place. The work of the Church goes on; its expenses continue whether or not the treasurer is there. There are books to be kept up, collections to be counted and entered,

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Hold Up His Arm As Did Aaron, Hur

To the Editor,
The Native Voice,

Dear friends,—

The publication of George N. Wilson's resignation brings to my mind a plea put to the Native congregation at an Induction service at the beginning of the term. Rev. Herdman is a young man and we were asked to give him our full support.

To hold up his arms, as did Aaron and Hur in the 17th Chapter of Exodus, 11th and 12th verses (and it came to pass, when Moses held up his arm, Israel prevailed; and when he let it down, the enemy prevailed).

We the people of Bella Bella were asked to hold up our minister's hands so that good will prevail, and help those who come to help us. Our Church needs us.

MRS. KITTY CARPENTER,
a resident of Bella Bella.

and the keeping of financial records is not always as easy as it sounds, so when the treasurer is away, there needs to be someone who knows the work well to take his place. This requires training and experience, and the best way is again to have more than one person, so that if one person is away, the other can take up the work without hesitation or difficulty.

Only a few years ago, I understand that this congregation let the minister himself look after the monies and the books. I most emphatically object to this procedure! Our treasurer's letter states "I am opposed to the idea that the Church still recognizes natives as minors . . ." I too am opposed to any such idea, but I fail to see that it applies in Bella Bella as he suggests. On the official board of our Church, which is made up of stewards, elders, and a representative from each adult organization in the Church, I find of 25 persons, there are 20 natives and five white persons. Wouldn't it be easy for those of us who are white to be outvoted? With this in view, I cannot agree that the Church considers the people of this village as minors!

We are all a part of the Church. We all have responsibilities within the Church, and I am always pleased to see anyone, especially natives, take part in the leadership of the Church, whether it be as Sunday School teacher, group leader, or treasurer. In fact, I am disappointed that more don't step forward to help take over the responsibilities of this work.

Massey to Visit Natives On Tour of B.C. in July

OTTAWA.—Governor-General Massey is working out details of an 11-day tour of British Columbia which will include visits among the Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

He will arrive at Prince Rupert July 13 and sail aboard the frigate Jonquiere to the islands. He will be in Prince George on the 17th to address the Canadian Club and will then come down through the Cariboo to Squamish where he will pick up the Jonquiere and sail to Victoria, arriving on the evening of the 20th.

He will spend two days in the capital and fly to Vancouver on the morning of the 23rd, leaving for the east by air on the morning of the 24th.

Court Rules Jay Treaty Expired Back in 1812

OTTAWA.—Canadian Indians on reservations must pay duty on goods they import from the United States for their own use, the Supreme Court of Canada ruled early in June.

The court's judgment follows a test case heard last February in which Louis Francis, 34-year-old Indian from the St. Regis Indian reserve on the St. Lawrence river near Cornwall, Ont., claimed Indians were exempt from such duties under an international treaty signed in 1794.

Francis' petition to the Supreme Court for a declaration that Indians on reserves have this exemption was opposed during the test case by the federal government. It previously was rejected by Mr. Justice J. C. A. Cameron of the Exchequer Court.

Francis' appeal against the Exchequer Court's decision was dismissed with costs. Reasons for judgment were not immediately available.

The young Indian claimed that a treaty signed by Britain and the United States Nov. 19, 1794, exempts Indians from payment of duty on goods imported from the U.S. for their own use. He said the right is contained in article three of the treaty of amity, commerce and navigation — known as

the Jay Treaty — negotiated by Lord Grenville of England and Chief Justice John Jay of the U.S.

However, the crown argued during the hearing that the Jay treaty was terminated by the War of 1812 between Canada and the United States. It also said that, if there was no termination, the treaty could be enforced only through implementing federal legislation which did not exist.

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EQUAL EDUCATION A START

Treat Our Indians Fairly Before Lecturing Others

CANADIAN consciences should be jolted by a jolly and enlightened Canadian Press dispatch from Bella Coola, B.C. Full of Jack Horner smugness, CP describes how the elementary school in this small coastal town 350 miles north of Vancouver "is being used as an experiment in social integration."

The story glows that "children of different races and tongues are joined in a common classroom."

The "dark-complexioned children" do surprisingly well, too, it coos. There's "no noticeable difference" between their work and work of the "white" children.

Racial relations are so excellent that the white children fight more among themselves than with the "dark-complexioned" children.

Why should Canadians be upset about this beautiful picture of tolerance and charity?

The "dark-complexioned" children are descendants of the original Canadians. They're Canadian Indian youngsters.

Our unstinting praise to Bella Coola and its school officials for making an excellent effort on their behalf.

The story about it, however, innocently mirrors a complacency common to far too many Canadians. They spend much time and indignation denouncing South Africa, the southern U.S. and other comfortably distant climes for wicked "racial discrimination." They conveniently overlook rampant racial discrimination in Canada against Indians which is as needless, and therefore as unforgivable, as any in the world.

Indian youngsters at Bella Coola are an extremely important example. Not, however, of a charitable "experiment in social integration." They're among the few Indian youngsters in Canada who are getting a wholly equal start with other Canadian youngsters in education.

If this equality is continued through higher grades, they'll be among the few Indians who get a real chance to enter adult life with an equal chance.

Only when all Indian youngsters have such a chance is any Canadian entitled to go poking a moralizing nose into racial matters in other countries.

People fond of calling for royal commissions should demand one immediately to plan eradication of racial discrimination in Canada just as fast as it can be done.

Equal opportunity for education is the chief need. The commission, however, should be charged with finding all other ways to improve opportunities for Indians of attaining full economic and political rights.

It should be specifically instructed to waste no time on antiquated arguments that Indians must choose between retaining reservations and other inherited privileges or attaining full citizenship and the right to vote.

Canada made meagre payment when it seized this country. It can well afford to let the Indians keep the payment.

It can't afford as a matter of national honor and plain decency to go on treating Indians as second-class citizens under a pious label of "wards of the government."

Nor can Canadians afford to do any finger-pointing at racial discrimination elsewhere until discrimination ceases against Canadian Indians.

—The VANCOUVER SUN.

'Present Policy Too Hasty, Ill-Conceived to Do Job'

A CALGARIAN, Mr. John Laurie, secretary and only white member of the Indian Association of Alberta, has raised some important points in regard to Dominion government attempts to further the "integration" of the Indians.

We do not oppose integration in principle—indeed, it is our contention that that is the most desirable long-range goal—but we dislike anything which might be interpreted as coercing the Indian into accepting an empty and barren form of citizenship in exchange for the special privileges and protection which he now enjoys.

Among other points which Mr. Laurie quite properly mentions is that many of the changes which have been made by the Dominion government in Indian regulations "inevitably lead to loss of Indian reserves, health services, educational facilities for both adults and children, all of which would only result in displaced persons roaming about as did the Metis."

Many of the changes, Mr. Laurie adds, "abrogate the Indian treaties made when Indian land claims in the three Western provinces were extinguished in return for inviolable special privileges in perpetuity."

Herein lies the crux of the whole question, the yardstick against which any proposal to improve the lot of the Indian must be measured. The white man must be prepared to honor his word in perpetuity, if that is what the Indians want. In the past, the white man has not been scrupulous about doing so particularly in cases where he felt that what he proposed was in the Indians' own best interest.

As far as full citizenship is concerned, there is nothing wrong with it basically and we look forward to the day when the Indians are fully recognized as citizens with all the rights and privileges which go with citizenship. But the "timing" of the integration process is quite another matter entirely.

The majority of Indians have not yet been given the necessary abilities and training which is necessary for the to survive, let alone prosper, in the white man's world of the white man's terms.

The government has still a mammoth job to do among the Indians and it must get on with the job on the present reserves. It has been said, with considerable truth too, that the Indian has been cared for so long that he is now unable to care for himself. *But it is no solution merely to deprive him of that care and let him fend for himself. He must be helped to achieve a level of education and vocational training which will allow him to compete in the white man's world.*

The present policy is too hasty and ill-conceived to do the job.

Further, the conferring of citizenship must not be forced at any time. Citizenship should be open to any who want it but that is as far as it should go.

—The CALGARY HERALD.

Another Tradition Has Been 'Sadly Shattered'

ANOTHER tradition affecting the original inhabitants of this continent has been sadly shattered, this time by the Supreme Court of Canada, no less. It has ruled Indians on reservations, just as other Canadians, must pay duty on goods imported from the United States for their own use.

Indians, basing their claim on a treaty of 1794, believe they could cross the border at will, bringing with them what they wished.

But the jurists in their marble palace in Ottawa contend the war of 1812 abrogated that treaty or, even if it did not, the treaty could be enforced only on implementing federal legislation which doesn't exist.

Indians have some cause to think the treaties which they signed, or others which were designed to protect their rights, haven't always worked out to their advantage.

They have been shortchanged by legal interpretations for which the jurists can't be blamed—or other means.

The white man hasn't always dealt honestly with the red man, that is to our shame. WINDSOR DAILY STAR

Changes in Act Broaden Liquor Rights for Indians

OTTAWA—The Indian is to be given liquor rights approximating those of the white man — provided his province and his band agree.

Under new provisions of the Indian Act introduced in the Commons, Indians may purchase liquor provided the province agrees. The Indian may be permitted to take the liquor on his reservation if the reserve band has approved by a referendum.

At present Natives may get rights to drink liquor in public places through the action of any province proclaiming section 95 of the Indian Act. Such proclamations have been made by British Columbia, Ontario, Nova Scotia and the Yukon. Manitoba has asked to have the section applied to Indians in that province.

The amendments to the Indian Act will provide another section, also subject to provincial proclamation, by which Indians can purchase liquor at provincial government liquor outlets.

The amendment provides for regulations for taking votes and holding a referendum by an Indian band with respect to the right to bring liquor on a reservation in a province which has approved its purchase by Indians.

Diefenbaker Demands Indian Affairs Probe

OTTAWA.—Appointment of a royal commission to make a thorough study of the affairs of Canada's 155,000 Indians, with a view of bettering their lot, was urged early this month by John Diefenbaker.

The Progressive Conservative lawyer-member for Prince Albert told the Commons "there are tremendous problems at stake in the administration of the Indian." These would never be solved by "a piecemeal, haphazard amendment to the (Indian) Act from time to time."

A royal commission should be appointed that would sit in all parts of Canada at appointed times and places so the Indian's point of view could be placed before Canadians as a whole "rather than through the narrow conduit of the administrative services within the department itself."

INSTRUMENT OF JUSTICE

The Indian Act, he said, "should be made an instrument of justice for the Indians of our country rather than in some cases, as it is, an agency of tyranny in its present form."

Mr. Diefenbaker was debating a resolution preceding introduction of legislation to make administrative and other changes in the Indian Act.

The changes, to be explained later by Citizenship Minister Picksgill who administers Indian affairs, were worked out in a series of conferences with representatives of various Indian bands.

TO RAISE MAXIMUM

One change will increase from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 the maximum that the government may lend at

(Continued on Page 7)

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Happy Birthday to You . . . Chief Silent Dawn of Apaches

(Son of Chief Tsehnildzili (Solid Rock), Apache Warrior, on your eightieth birthday).

As I write this letter, I raise my eyes and look at the photograph of your father, Chief Tsehnildzili (Solid Rock), great southern Apache Chief. This photograph was taken 51 years ago. You would be about 29 years old. The memory of the Indian wars against the whites would still be strong and burning in your heart.

I am only 12 years younger than you and soon the trail will end for both of us. A new world is here. They talk of progress and a new deal. There is nothing we can do about it. Youth thinks it knows best and wants to remake the old world over to suit itself.

It is not our way. Life has been one great adventure for you. You fought for the rights of your people against great odds and won, and you are still fighting. You hold the love and respect of us all.

May it be the Master's will that you stay with us for many more years.

Your many friends in British Columbia join me in wishing you a Happy 80th Birthday. May God bless you is the fervent wish of

The Native Voice and Maisie Hurley.

To Silent Dawn

The Native Voice has been asked by the many British Columbia Indians who had the honor to meet you when you were guest of the Native Brotherhood Convention, to extend their best wishes to you on your 80th birthday. They hope you will visit B.C. again.

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across the chamber, also a Chalcid painting from a Jefferys drawing, of Upper Canada's first Parliament in 1792, which was unveiled last year.

The contrast is stimulating. The Brule painting is brilliant with autumn colors, alive with the thrill of discovery; it has motion and dimension, almost coaxing a viewer to believe the discoverer and his Indian company are striding through the forest outcropping toward the water, with the Humber near and the curving lake shore beyond.

Here is fidelity, even to a broken branch or to the questioning look in the upturned face of a Huron.

It must have been with a start of amazement that Brule saw the massive size of the lake before him; just so, it is with a start that one keeps turning back to the flaming appeal of this document in oils, which complements in history and counters in hue the darker wealth of the Parliament scene.

The boldness of its tree trunks, the burnished copper of the Indians, the vibrant red of the pack-sack, the sleek gracefulness of the Indians — all give lively foreground to the pastels of the sky through the leaves.

In detail and in composite, the colors are as significant as the events they tell. For there and then the course of Toronto began, soon spreading east and north.

As one who has done much to restore to light through the arts the memorable people, dates and sites of history, Mr. Frost said he was "just thinking out loud" when he hoped that ultimately the Legislative Chamber would mark these fittingly in stained glass windows supplanting the heavy drapes which now obscure the noble architecture of the building.

—G.H.S.

Continued from Last Month

By the Late NEWELL E. COLLIER

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

Following the Battle of Frenchtown, Proctor, notwithstanding the fact that his troops had been victorious, deserted his prisoners and withdrew to Fort Malden with all possible haste. Harrison, apparently in even greater fear of Proctor than Proctor of him, retreated as speedily as possible to the Maumee, burning his stores as well as his post at the Rapids and continuing his retreat to the Portage River, fifteen miles between them as quickly as possible.

Harrison spent a week collecting his troops before he summoned sufficient courage to return. On February 1st, with two thousand men, he commenced the construction of Fort Meigs at the Maumee Rapids. This was an elaborate fortification and reflected great credit on Captain E. D. Wood who had charge of its construction, Captain Gratiot, Harrison's chief engineer, being ill at the time. The fort was roughly octagonal in shape, two thousand five hundred yards in circumference, with a blockhouse at each angle. It was well enclosed by cedar palings, the whole being surrounded by a ditch. The enclosure was located on the southeast bank of the Maumee at the foot of the Rapids. Such a pretentious station properly should have been garrisoned by at least fifteen hundred men, but Harrison's forces were soon to be reduced by the expiration of the enlistments of the Kentucky and Ohio militia, which would leave but five hundred regulars, beside the Virginia and Pennsylvania militia, to defend it. The fort was important for the protection of the territory as well as a depot for supplies, and it served its purpose excellently. However, the construction of such a fort at such a location could have no part in Harrison's original plan, which was, as we must remember, to recapture Detroit and to occupy the Canadian peninsula.

Early in February Harrison gathered his troops from the rear and planned to move on Fort Malden on February 11th. However, this was to be in the nature of a raid, with no thought of occupying the territory permanently. Unfortunately a few warm days made the ice unsafe and the roads impassable, so this project was abandoned.

On March 2nd another similar attempt was made with a force of one hundred and seventy men under Colonel Latham, the object being to destroy the ice-bound British vessels. The party travelled by sleigh, was well equipped with explosives and carried provisions for six days. The explosives were in charge of M. Madié, a Frenchman who had considerable experience in this line of work. The plan was to leave the sleighs at Middle Bass Island and travel the remainder of the distance on foot, under cover of darkness, the men muffling their feet in moccasins to deaden the sound. This attempt also had to be abandoned when it

was discovered that the lake was not completely frozen over.

On March 5th, Armstrong, recently appointed Secretary of War, wrote to Harrison to the effect that from that time the army was to be held on the defensive until the navy had made some progress in securing control of the lakes. Harrison protested against such an arrangement and about the middle of month left for Chillicothe and Cincinnati for the purpose of visiting his sick family as well as enlisting reinforcements. Captain Leftwich of the Virginia Militia was left in charge of the fort. During Harrison's absence the term of the Virginia militia at Fort Meigs expired, leaving five hundred regulars under Major Stoddard the only garrison of the fort.

Harrison found recruiting slow at first and the public did not look with favor on another draft. However, a call for volunteers from Kentucky and Ohio did meet with some response and on April 8th Colonel Ball reached the Fort with two hundred dragoons, Harrison arriving four days later.

Late in March Harrison received word that the ice was soon to go out of Lake Erie and the British, doubtless aware of the meagre garrison and expiring enlistments, would likely take the offensive. He therefore made immediate plans to return to the Maumee Rapids with all the men available. These numbered about three hundred and were collected from the posts on the St. Mary's and Auglaize Rivers. In February the governor of Kentucky had ordered a draft of three thousand men, these to be divided into four regiments under Colonels Boswell, Dudley, Cox and Caldwell. The whole was to be under the command of General Green Clay. By the time Harrison reached Fort Meigs, Tecumseh and the Prophet had arrived at Sandwich with six hundred Indians. Their efforts in recruiting their forces had been unusually successful, and in addition to those who accompanied Tecumseh, as many more were left at the Wabash villages, Tecumseh fearing that the commissary at Fort Malden would be unable to provide for such a large number.

The news of Tecumseh's arrival at Sandwich relieved Harrison's apprehensions considerably as he had been fearful that the Indians might be gathering for an attack in the rear while Proctor and his British moved on the fort in front. Yet, in spite of the fact that the Indian forces were being daily augmented—in spite of the fact that Harrison had been absent for over a month and the American enlistments were rapidly expiring—Proctor had permitted the construction of Fort Meigs to go on without interference, and no move was made against the Americans until late in April.

Harrison was wise in hastening his return to the fort as Proctor finally put in an appearance at the mouth of the Maumee on April

28th—just sixteen days after Harrison's arrival. The attacking forces consisted of nine hundred Indians under Tecumseh. The Indians had made the journey by land while the British had crossed the lake in transports. They were well provided with artillery and brought with them two small gun boats, the "Eliza" and the "General Meyers," which were of sufficiently light draft to navigate the river as far as the fort. Their landing was made on the left bank of the river, near the site of Old Fort Miami. Proctor and Tecumseh, who were provided with horses, rode forward at once to reconnoitre. Fifteen hundred Kentuckians under General Green Clay were on their way down the Maumee and were expected momentarily, but Harrison had received no word from them and feared that they might arrive too late. He immediately dispatched three messages, one to the upper Sandusky, one to the lower Sandusky and one to Governor Meigs at Urbana. Captain William Oliver of the Commissary department was also sent out with a verbal message to General Clay.

Oliver met the Kentucky troops at Fort Winchester, Defiance. Clay had divided his troops, sending Colonel Dudley by way of the Auglaize River, while he accompanied Colonel Bowell's corps down the St. Mary's. The two divisions were to unite at Defiance. Dudley, while on his way down the Aug-

laize, received word of Harrison's danger at the Rapids. A courier was called and Leslie Combe, an eager young man, volunteered to carry a message to Harrison. He set out by canoe, accompanied by four white men and a friend Shawnee. However, upon his rival, he found that the fort was already surrounded, and in a tile effort to reach the American he was wounded and one of his companions was killed.

In the meantime Proctor had established two batteries on the north bank of the river. One of these consisted of two 24-pounders which had been captured at Detroit; the other consisted of three howitzers. The ground had been softened by recent rains and it required the efforts of nearly two hundred men to bring the 24-pounders into position. A small battery had been constructed by the Indians and some of the 4th Regiment near the north end of the fort. The Indians were stationed south of the fort. The preparations were completed on April 30th. When Harrison discovered the British at work on the battery emplacements, he ordered the construction of a traverse of earth twelve feet high and twenty feet wide at the base across the middle of the fort enclosure.

(To be Continued)



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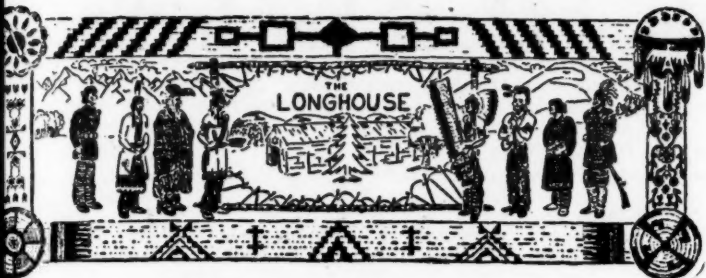
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Green Grass Festival Top Longhouse Event

The Green Grass Festival held by the Longhouse in Oak-
wn, Ill., was a great success. There was plenty of rain and
od for everyone. Chief BeGay, who had just gotten out of
spital from an operation, acted as master of ceremonies.

There was trick roping by Bob.
pecial dances by various groups.
r Seneca Brother, Chief White-
wk, drove up from Toledo, Ohio,
h his Shupeda dancers. We
re very glad to meet these young
n and women. We were very
ppy that the La Kota Indian
ncers could be with us—this fine
op of Boy Scouts under the
dership of Jack MacKenna, Olaf
Len Groff.

There was much Indian craft for
e at the booths. We were fortune-
e to have our friends from the
Tribes Centre to chant and
at. These gentlemen all volun-
red their services. There was
Hopi Master Silver Smith,
rnest Maquayuma; Walks by
y, president of the dance team
All Tribes and Navajo whose
me I do not recall.

After the Indian dancing took
ce, Chief Be Goy's son Duane
ught three friends. They all
electric guitars and played
le the young and older ones
ced, square and ballroom danc-
until the late hours.

June 16th was Longhouse Night
the All Tribes Indian Centre.
ite Bison (Tom Greenwood)
Chief Begay gathered up 50
vajo, who had just arrived in
mmit and Willow Springs, Ill.
ese people were taken by bus
private autos to the Indian
ntre and then returned to their
ellings.

This Saturday eve was a gala
air and a real old fashioned
w-Wow developed. Some of
ese Navajo can not speak Eng-
l but this presents no problem
the members of the Longhouse.
ere was You-be-shay dancing
h plenty to eat. After the danc-
e, the group separated into four
ups headed by some of our peo-
and they were taken all over
icago's Loop and then over to
e Michigan. This was all a
nt-seeing tour.

In March, The Longhouse finish-
its first year. We feel that this
s a year of important achieve-
nt. Our officers represent dif-
ent tribes and some are non-In-
n. Our constitution and by-laws
re written by Beyond the Sky,
hawk. The oath of allegiance
Chief Begay, Navajo. The rit-
for membership (both indoor
outdoor ceremony) written by
ite Bison, Cherokee. We have
er put on a big membership
ve, and we do not intend to.
s past year has shown to us the
ue of unity, achievement of pur-
e through spiritual develop-
nt and patience.

Oneh,
SKARONIATE

New Search For 'Lost Tribe'

VERNON.— There's a new hunt
on for the Fraser valley's leg-
ndary Indian giants, the Sasquat-
ches.

Two Swiss-born residents of
Lumby, 16 miles east of Vernon,
Rene Dahinden and Anton Ruesch,
have started on the adventure to
track down the tribe which legend
says inhabits the Harrison Lake
district, less than 100 miles east of
Vancouver.

The two men are in Vancouver
to obtain supplies, on the advice
of a game warden, prior to setting
out for the Chehalis Indian reser-
vation.

They hope to obtain the Che-
halis' co-operation in efforts to find
the legendary Sasquatch tribe,
reputed to be hairy giants measur-
ing seven feet or more.

According to legend the Sas-
quatch goes to Morris mountain, on
the Chehalis reserve, once every
four years for tribal rites, and this
would be one of the years.

The Indian giants are said to
have existed when the Spanish set-
tled in New Mexico. A devout mis-
sionary who tried to convert them
called them the Karen Kowahs,
meaning they walked in streams
and caught fish in their hands.

After the white people moved
in, there was a dispute which re-
sulted in the tribe's being placed
in box cars and shipped to the
middle United States, from where
they drifted to this area.

Stories of the Sasquatch have
circulated from time to time. A
woman is said to have been ab-
ducted by them and held for one
season, finally being blindfolded
and sent back. An old prospector
is supposed to have traded pota-
toes with the tribe for wild meat.

Dahinden heard his first tales of
the Sasquatch in Calgary, where
he settled on first coming to Can-
ada. He and Ruesch, both now log-
gers and both in their early 20s,
came to regard the Sasquatch
legend as a challenge to their
youth and decided to investigate.

Three or four years ago a Van-
couver couple is reported to have
found the skeleton of a man in the
interior mountains more than
seven feet tall.

Okanagan Indian legends also
tell of a tall, hairy tribe.

No Longer Indian?

AT THIS time when they
are given greater educa-
tional opportunities than ever
and they sense a renewed in-
terest for their future on the
part of the Canadian people, In-
dians are raising the question:
"How much do you want us to
change?"

These are the very words used
not so long ago by an Indian, in
addressing his fellow-teachers and
principals from the federal Indian
schools in Ontario. His message
was this:

"Is it completely wrong to be
born an Indian? Is everything
that we have inherited from our
ancestors totally opposed to the
Canadian way of life that you
want us to share? Isn't there
something in our own history as
well as in our way of thinking,
feeling and behaving which is
worth while preserving for the
whole nation and of which our
children can be justly proud?
Can you train children for life in
your competitive society without
acknowledging and cultivating
their self-respect, their pride in
being what they are?"

What a pertinent question to ask
to Indian school teachers and to
all those who are concerned with
"the future of the Canadian In-
dian."

At the same time, what a para-
dox that it should be raised in
an "immigrant-receiving" coun-
try that boasts of being officially bi-
cultural and that invites all new-
comers to contribute the best from
their cultural heritage to the
building of a new nation; a coun-
try made up exclusively of minori-
ty groups sharing the same forms
of government and the same socio-
economic standards whilst contri-
buting each something different
to the culture of the whole; a coun-
try where the British can feel part
of the Empire, the French enter-
tain a whole continent with his
cuisine and his folk-songs, the Scot
run his own as well as almost
everybody else's business, the Irish
feel frustrated if his congeniality
and his brogue are not identified,

the Dutch grow tulips, the Italian
make music, the Ukrainian farm,
the German manufacture, and so
on endlessly.

Can the oldest immigrant to this
country be questioned the same
right? Can he not become a Can-
adian whilst preserving from his
cultural heritage what he feels is
comparable, if not superior, to
what the newcomers have brought
to his country?

ANDRE RENAUD, O.M.I.
(In the Indian Missionary Record.)

INDIAN AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 5)

any one time to Indians for vari-
ous purposes.

Mr. Diefenbaker said the rights
of Indians under treaties should
be maintained and guaranteed.
There should be more expansion
of the rights of Indians towards
self-government, including an op-
portunity to take up administrative
positions in the field and in the de-
partment in Ottawa.

There should be provision for
appeals by Indians to the courts
against administrative orders af-
fecting their individual rights.

The Native Voice believes the
Indians of Canada should demand
a Royal Commission for the pur-
pose of studying the rights of Can-
ada's Native people and their right
to nominate their representatives on
the Commission.

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Northern MP's Ask New Deal for Indians

OTTAWA—The Far North's two representatives in the Commons late in June demanded a new deal for their Indians.

Mervyn A. Hardie of the Northwest Territories and James Aubrey Simmons of the Yukon, both Liberals, made it clear they think there are shortcomings in government administration of Indian affairs in the North.

FOUR FOR 4,500

Mr. Hardie said Indian agents provide relief to destitute Indians which "isn't worth the powder to blow it to Hades." Instead, the government should provide jobs.

Mr. Hardie said there is a game warden staff of 23 persons to look after wildlife in the Northwest Territories, but only four Indian agents to look after 4,500 Indians.

Mr. Simmons said more education and vocational training is needed to raise Indians from their status as government wards.

NO WORSE THAN WHITES

Some Indian agents tended to "pass the buck." Instead, they should work among the Indians to provide personal supervision. Mr. Simmons called for an end to discrimination against Indians in liquor laws.

Colin Cameron (CCF—Nanaimo), supporting the suggestion, said that his experience among Indians of the west coast indicated Indians

were no more disorderly under the influence of liquor than "Scotsmen, Irishmen, or any other group."

Mr. Hardie also had a word about Indian agents.

The government should choose agents from persons who knew

local conditions instead of hiring persons with Ph.D. university degrees "who wouldn't know a rabbit track from a snowshoe track."

Of Fish and Chips and Other Things

By MAISIE HURLEY

The other day in the course of my daily travels, I landed at B.C. Packers' Imperial Cannery at Steveston.

One of our Native brothers had phoned me on some business and asked me to meet him at 1:30—he would be on the seiner "Holly L"; but it turned out to be a case of "Indian time" since he actually arrived hours later.

But the delay gave me the opportunity to visit many of my Native friends at the cannery. Hospitable Mr. Payne, who seems to be "mine host" to all visitors, made my wait very pleasant by taking me through the cannery.

What struck me was that everything was so spotlessly clean; I'm sure if I were working among fish, I would really be right among them and would smell fish from top to toe, properly cooked and canned, too.

Efficiency and cleanliness were the order of the day, however.

I was taken to where smartly-uniformed women were cooking golden brown fish and chips which will later be frozen and delivered

to stores in cartons. This will be another fish delicacy for the ladies who like to do their cooking the easy way.

My pal Minnie Williams, wife of our one and only Guy Williams of the Native Brotherhood, cooked me a couple of the tasty morsels. The fish will be recooked lightly before serving and the samples I had were really delicious.

Guy Williams, by the way, has gone north for Minister of Fisheries James Sinclair, on something or other concerning fish.

I'm an expert judge of fish and chips because I once had a friend in Seattle who claims her uncle was the fish and chip king of Whitechapel, London, England. This is the home of the coster gourmand, who really know their fish. I can assure you B.C. Packers' new treat is equally as good as the best of the coster monger king's.

My grandchildren, who can live on fish and chips, ice cream and "pop," are eagerly awaiting their appearance on the market.

I saw Percy Gladstone plugging away in the office. Percy is look-

ing fine and has put on a lot of weight.

Percy always does me good and brings me down to earth. I always leave him feeling like a frustrated she-maggot who has been through the deodorizer—seems I'm not the intellectual type.

Still, there is only one Percy and being a devil for punishment I'll probably go back for more.

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